



# Coming Out

Nearchild

## Coming Out by Nearchild

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**Summary:**

In honor of National Coming Out Day here are the stories of how 2 friends came out to each other and their best friends.

## Coming Out

### Author's Note:

Each experience is different and happens at its own pace so don't rush your own, or someone else's.

At 14 years old Richie Tozier had lived a... fairly complicated life. Killing a psycho demon clown, getting bullied relentlessly, having parents who don't give a rat's ass about him, and lacking a pure common-sense filter for his mouth were all things that had assured him a strange upbringing. He was sure that he really could do without any more drama coming into his life for at least the next 7 years; however, his body and mind had decided to give him one last fuck you before he could settle down. His huge fucking crush on his best friend, Eddie Kaspbrak, and just all-around attraction to other boys.

Now, Richie still thought girls were plenty hot. He had no trouble picturing himself making out with a girl like Molly Ringwald, but he also could just as easily occupy his mind with thoughts of Rob Lowe's lips on him. Even more so than Rob Lowe, Richie could picture himself holding hands, and cuddling with Eddie.

The thought of keeping his opinions on both boys and girls a secret did not appeal to Richie at all, so he decided he needed to tell someone. Eddie was immediately out due to the fact that he was the boy Richie was crushing on, and Richie didn't feel too comfortably telling any of the guy losers right now. He trusted them all but for some reason it just didn't seem right to him. He decided to tell Bev first and the others all at once with Bev's help.

On October 11<sup>th</sup> 1990, Richie Tozier had somehow found himself standing in front of Bev Marsh's house, he had no idea how he got here or what he was going to say now that he was here, but he rang the doorbell anyway. *Ding dong, ding dong*, it rang twice and not 5 second after the second dong did Bev open the door. As Molly Ringwald stood there staring at Richie Tozier expecting him to say the first word like he always does, Richie just let it slip.

Beverly Marsh knew the different rumors that had seemed to follow her around for what seems like her whole life. Slut, bitch, and piece of shit were just some of the colorful insults girls and guys alike had taken to calling her. None of those ever quite hurt her as much as the word dyke. Every time someone called her...that word, it seemed to leave an extra terrible feeling in her body. Beverly did not think it was because she was gay. She knew she had feelings for at least two boys, but she also knew that she had no problem seeing herself falling in love with a woman one day.

Beverly never thought much of it. She didn't really flaunt it, nor did she see the need to tell anyone unless she was explicitly asked by someone she trusted. The red headed girl kind of just wanted to make it through high school by blending in with the crowd, and coming out to people would make that very difficult. Bev had thought she could keep to that plan, telling loud mouthed Richie Tozier did not seem like a great way to keep her secret. Yet, here Richie was, telling her something of equal value, and trusting her with one of his biggest secrets. How could she not trust him in the same way? Trust is a two-way street after all.

“That's cool Rich, I also like boys.” She grinned at him, he was still wide eyed after blurting out something he clearly had not meant to say. “Girls are pretty hot too.” Her grin turned into a wide smile, as her cheeks flushed as she finally said the words aloud.

“Haha, I think so too Molly.” After that brief exchange at her doorway she invited Richie inside to hang out. They talked normal stuff for a while before getting back to the topic they had started with.

“Richie, have you told anyone else yet?” Bev stroked his arm to grab his attention and reassure him that everything was okay.

“Not a soul, madam” The British voice was coming out which meant Richie was nervous as hell. Beverly thought of her next words carefully, Richie acted tough but when dealing with him you had

tread very carefully otherwise he would shut down. She knew that it would drive him insane to have to keep a secret from any of the Losers, and that even if he could do it for a while he would eventually get torn apart deciding how to tell them.

“Well...do you wanna go tell them together?” She saw his face go on a whole road trip. His emotions clearly showing at each road sign: surprise, to confusion, to worry, and finally landing at resolve.

“Well that just sounds like the swellest idear, mah—”

“Beep beep Richie. No voices for this answer”

“Yea that sound’s nice, I think the sooner the better will be good for me. I will call them and get everyone together sometime this week. Are you sure you are okay with this?” Richie’s face seemed to express actual concern, an emotion Beverly had only seen him wear openly two other times. Both included when Eddie was hurt.

“Yea, I don’t mind telling you guys. It is the other towns people that scare the shit out of me.”

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Two days after that conversation Eddie, Bill, Stan, Mike and Ben all sat in a circle at the quarry. Eddie and Stan had been there for about 10 minutes before the other 3 had shown up together. They had been growing impatient at the tardiness of the group, specifically Richie who had called this meeting of the 7.

“Where the hell is he?!?” Eddie yelled at no one in particular, and a silence began to fill what had already been quiet conversation between the small group.

Mike responded once it seemed like no one else was going to. “No idea, Eddie. But, you know how he is, he will probably be here soon.” About 5 minutes later just when everyone was sure Eddie was about to lose his shit they saw a Trashmouth barreling down towards them at a pace that would give a cheetah good competition. His long lanky legs propelling him forward faster than any of the Losers had seen

him run before. Beverly could be seen in the distance casually sauntering behind the hyperactive loser.

“GUESS WHAT GUYS!!!!!!” Everyone heard Richie yell. He reached the little clearing the Losers were sitting in and stood trying to catch his breath. A little winded from his sprint down to the area.

“What, Richie?” Eddie snapped at him, “I don’t suppose you are gonna apologize for being late.”

“Oh, no. Nothing like that my dear Eds.”

“Don’t call me th—” and before Eddie could finish telling Richie off he yelled something that only one of the seven losers were expecting.

“I LIKE GUYS!!!” He yelled beaming like he hadn’t just said something as surprising as revealing his sexuality.

“W-w-wait, w-wa-what?” Bill asked, stutter worse than usual showing that he was just as taken back as the other 5 who had just been sitting in the quiet, the only noise just 30 seconds earlier being Eddie’s seething anger.

“I like guys. Like, I like the idea of my tongue down Eddie’s Spaghetti’s cute little mouth.” He pinched Eddie’s cheek.

“Fuck off Trashmotuh!” Eddie pushed him off but Stan and Ben could’ve sworn they saw him blush. “And when did you figure this out about yourself.”

“Hmm, I think it was right around the time your mom, Ms. K, brought a second man into our sacred bed. At first I was surprised but —”

“Beep beep, Richie.” Bev cut him off once she decided he was no longer being productive.

“Oh right! Our very own Molly Ringwald has something to add.” Richie bowed and gestured over to Beverly who was standing right between Bill and Ben.

“Did you know?” Stan asked the girl, just out of curiosity since they

seemed to have come to the quarry together.

“Yeah, he told me two days ago. But that isn’t what he meant. He called everyone so that we both could come out. TOGETHER.” She glared at Richie who looked away whistling. “He just yelled it before I could get down here. But, yeah, I like girls and boys. Richie still likes girls by the way. I would let him tell you himself but I don’t think he is gonna be very focused right now.”

“Well that’s cool g-g-guys, you know we don’t care.” Bill said first, as the honorary leader of the group everyone had kind of looked to him to respond to big news first.

“Yea, what Bill said. I am just glad you guys trusted us to tell us.” Mike smiled as he pulled them both into a hug, which all the losers quickly followed him into.